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The WHITE and GOLD

MILLS COLLEGE
California

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THE

WHITE AND GOLD

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THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY IN THE WORKS OF SHELLEY.

THERE is more than one feature in the work of Shelley which might be studied with interest. Perhaps one of the first things to be noted in his work, especially in some of the shorter poems which are most often read, such as "The Cloud," and "The Skylark," is the beauty of his poetic touch. Then, too, there are the religious thoughts and beliefs of Shelley, for though he openly declared himself an atheist, and for this declaration was dismissed from Oxford, yet he carried in his heart the consciousness of the existence in the universe of a great spirit, whose power he saw in nature, and whose presence he felt everywhere.

But the center and dominant idea in his works is his love for, his sympathy with, and his interest in, humanity. This love for humanity, the center of his work as a poet, is marked by these characteristics, his sensitiveness to the sin and suffering of the world and his love and sympathy for the sufferers, his power to keep always before him an ideal picture of a world regenerated, and his hopefulness and faith in the realization of this ideal. And at the center of this ideal stood those two great principles which we find so prominent in the poetry of Shelley, the principles of liberty and love.

While Shelley was so sensitive to the sin and sorrow of humanity, he was far from being a pessimist. For over against the many dark pictures which he gives us, stands ever his own glorious picture of a world regenerated, a picture which his faith and hope did not doubt would sometime become a reality; his vision of mankind at peace with themselves, at peace with one another, at peace, and in harmony with, nature and the great spirit that moved through nature, and governed by those two great principles which animated his life and work, liberty and love. These two principles were ingrained in the nature of Shelley. They had guided and influenced him from his childhood. Love belonged to him by nature, and his love for liberty and determination to be free was one of his marked characteristics even when quite a child. He was always open to affection,

and easily won over by it, but could never be tamed by force, and was quick to oppose it wherever it appeared. In his school-life he was the champion of the younger boys, and of all, who he thought were oppressed, and any injustice, however slight, shown to one of his comrades, roused his sympathy instantly. It was this hatred of every kind of oppression, this passionate love of liberty, which made him so sensitive to everything which had the slightest semblance of slavery. In his desire to be as far from it as possible he may sometimes have gone too far to the other extreme. It was in this spirit, perhaps, that he declared himself, it may have been a little too hastily, an atheist, and was expelled from Oxford. And these two principles, love and liberty, a part of his own nature, became the center of his ideals for the life of the world. They were not the results of long study and experience. They were a part of himself, given forth to the world with all his own faith, and hope, and enthusiasm.

There are other principles which Shelley proclaims as necessary to the welfare and happiness of humanity. Justice, equality, peace, and truth, are watchwords which ring out again and again in his poetry. But all these may be brought together under the one ideal, liberty. They are either a part of the ideal itself, or are the necessary results of its establishment. To the mind of Shelley liberty conveyed a broader idea than to the minds of many. It meant more than freedom from all unjust restrictions; more than that every man should be granted the right to live his own life and think his own thoughts. It did mean that; it meant that all men should have true political and religious freedom, that they should be allowed to think and to speak whatever they would; it meant that all men should be equal, for to Shelley's mind there could not be true liberty without equality, and that they should receive absolute justice, and should receive it speedily and surely. But it meant more than all this; it meant freedom from every kind of sin and evil; and it meant the results which Shelley believed would follow the establishment of such an order of things; for the poor, and the weary laborer, rest and comfort and prosperity; for lands torn with war, peace; for all it meant love and wisdom and truth. In "The Masque of Anarchy," Shelley gives a definition of his idea of liberty—

> "What art thou, Freedom? Oh! could slaves
> Answer from their living graves
> This demand, tyrants would flee
> Like a dream's dim imagery.

"Thou art not, as imposters say,
A shadow soon to pass away,
A superstition, and a name
Echoing from the cave of Fame.

"For the laborer thou art bread
And a comely table spread,
From his daily labor come,
In a neat and happy home.

"Thou art clothes, and fire, and food
For the trampled multitude:
No—in countries that are free
Such starvation cannot be,
As in England now we see.

"To the rich thou art a check;
When his foot is on the neck
Of his victim, thou dost make
That he treads upon a snake.

"Thou art Justice—ne'er for gold
May thy righteous laws be sold,
As laws are in England:—thou
Shieldest alike the high and low.

"Thou art Wisdom—freemen never
Dream that God will doom forever
All who think those things untrue,
Of which priests make such ado.

"Thou art Peace—never by thee
Would blood and treasure wasted be,
As tyrants wasted them, when all
Leagued to quench thy flame in Gaul.

"What if English toil and blood
Was poured forth, even as a flood?
It availed,—O Liberty!
To dim—but not extinguish thee.

"Thou art Love—the rich have kist
Thy feet; and like him following Christ,
Given their substance to the free,
And through the rough world followed thee.

"Oh turn their wealth to arms, and make
War for thy beloved sake,
On wealth and war and fraud; whence they
Drew the power which is their prey.

Science, and Poetry, and Thought,
Are thy lamps; they make the lot
Of the dwellers in a cot
Such, they curse their maker not.

"Spirit, Patience, Gentleness,
All that can adorn and bless,
Art thou: let deeds, not words, express
Thine exceeding loveliness."

Liberty never meant license for a man to promote his own welfare and advantage at the expense of his brother man. According to Shelley's ideal, a man's liberty always ended at the point where it began to encroach upon the liberty of his fellow-man. For it was not only liberty that was to rule over the world, but love was to be constantly the joint ruler of Shelley's regenerated universe. All men were to be at peace with one another; there was to be no more warfare, no more slaughtering of men by their own brethren; all were to forget their own selfish interests in their love and thoughtfulness for others. All pride, and meanness, and insincerity, were to be conquered; all envy, and jealousy, and hatred, done away with; all revenge laid aside. In its place, the spirit of forgiveness was to reign in the hearts of men, and even those who had offended most deeply, were to be pardoned and received in the spirit of love. And as a result of all this, men were to find true happiness, the happiness for which they had been seeking in the wrong way, and had failed to find. They were to learn that

"Virtue and wisdom, truth and liberty,
* * * * * * *
* * alone can give the bliss
Worthy a soul that claims
Its kindred with eternity."

MARY A. LANDON,
'09.

THE WAYS OF THE WORLD.

MISS Izzie, school teacher, postmistress, and general social leader of Oaks, stood behind the little wooden counter enclosing the shelves of pigeonholes of mail, chatting with the idlers lounging about the little bare room, serving as postoffice. This was a gala day for her, for it was Saturday and mail day—a long uninterrupted day in the office when all the people from miles around would come for their letters, or if they did not expect any to see who would get some, and to exchange gossip. Izzie always feigned to hold herself a little aloof from this gossip, yet, with her casual questions, or wise nod and mysterious smile she would gather more information from her friends than they ever guessed they were contributing.

This morning she was more keenly alert for news than usual, hence more reserved, more non-committal, more mysterious. Had she not just heard that Jake Elliot had returned from the desert? Why he was back, how long he was going to stay, why he had not called at the office to exchange a word of greeting with her—she could answer none of these questions, and must find a reply without ever putting them as direct questions.

Sandy George sat smoking on the doorstep. Perhaps he could throw some light upon this mystery. He was usually well informed, and had himself recently returned to the mountains from a trip to the desert. Izzie stooped down, agilely slipped under the board forming the counter, and leisurely, carelessly, walked to the door.

"Mighty nice weather we're having these days, isn't it," she began, as an opening.

"It sure is, Miss Izzie," he replied languidly.

She paused a minute, then started again.

"It was some hot last week tho'. I thought as how I'd roast. I guess tho' it wasn't even warm compared to desert weather, was't?"

Sandy George pulled off his dirty sombrero, ran his fingers through his tangled mop of red hair, squinted his pale blue eyes reflectively, and smiling in a superior manner as one might smile at an absurd question of a child, he turned toward Izzie.

"Well, it sure doesn't compare, Miss Iz. Why you don't know warm weather here. Hot on the desert! It's so hot there that on chicken ranches they set their eggs in refrigerators and they hatch out. You may call it hot here, but it's not so's you'd notice it."

Miss Izzie gave a slight start, but immediately regained her calm indifference.

"Not so's you'd notice it," she repeated. "Now that sounds just like Jake Elliot. He always says 'not so's you'd notice it,' and do you know most everybody round about here's beginning to say it. Jake's real smart that way. He's always thinking of some real cute saying and everybody just naturally catches it from him. Speaking of Jake makes me think, I s'pose you've heard all about him."

She looked very mysterious and wise, while she watched carefully to note the effect of her remark.

Sandy George looked up in surprise. "Heard all about him?" he repeated questioningly. "Why no, I don't know's I have. What is it?"

Miss Izzie raised her eyebrows in surprise. "You haven't! Why I supposed everybody had. But so long's you haven't I guess there's no use discussing it."

Sandy George pulled himself up from his half reclining position, placed his sombrero on his head, pulled it down vigorously over his ears, thrust his hands in his pockets and stared as steadily as his weak blue eyes would permit him, at Miss Izzie.

"Now say, I sure hope it ain't nothin' bad. I hadn't heard nothin'. I knowed he'd come up from the desert on account of that little Roache girl. He sure is plumb gone on her and I don't see no harm on it, even if her pa does." He paused a minute then continued, "But I hadn't heard of nothin' else—you sure ain't goin' to be so mean as not to tell me?"

Miss Izzie looked pensively into the distance, thoughtfully shaking her head. So Jake had come back on account of Rosie Roache! That certainly was news to her—and now she knew why he had not called at the office. Sandy George said he hadn't heard anything, yet he had told her this. How much more might he impart? So she continued to shake her head mysteriously, and when she deigned to answer him completely ignored his last question.

"Well I don't know why her pa hasn't a right to care. Jake's twice as old as that silly little girl, and her pa has a right to be just as set against Jake as he wants to."

Sandy stiffened up, pulled his hands from his pockets, and there was a note of defiance in his tones when he replied: "Well, it sure doesn't seem that way to me. You know old man Roache don't give a hang how old Jake is, and even if Rosie is just a little girl she has more sense 'n the whole Roache bunch, Pa and Ma and

all the little kids together. That's just the trouble. It sure is. The old man don't see how they could get along without her, cause she does all that's ever done on that ramshackle old ranch, and if it warn't for her they'd all be in the pore farm now. That's where his kick's comin'. That's why he said Jake can't go a courtin' Rosie any more. But I'll tell you Jake's not the man to be monkeyed with and he'll win out all right. He sure will. That old man never can down him."

Sandy George rose, glanced at the sun and strolled out to where his horse was tied to the barb wire fence. Unfastening the rope he swung easily into the saddle, turned toward Miss Izzie and with a parting word of "I sure hope it warn't nothin' bad you heard about Jake," he wheeled his horse about and galloped off down the dusty road.

Miss Izzie stood in the doorway a minute watching his figure retreat down the road, pondering on the news he had imparted. So Jake Elliot had come up from the desert on account of Rosie Roache, that little brown eyed, pink cheeked slip of a girl, whose father was the most shiftless man in the whole region for miles around, and whose family was the most desperately poor in the mountains. There certainly was no accounting for tastes. She always had thought that Jake Elliot had more sense than to fall in love with a little girl like that. Old man Roache was the only one who did have any sense whatever, and she hoped that he would persist in refusing to let Jake go a courting Rosie.

Her thoughts were not the most pleasant when she turned to go back into the office. All the joy of the day was gone for her, and none of the bits of gossip which fell her way that afternoon had power to arouse any interest in her. That evening when she refused to go to the regular weekly dance—she who never missed such a function, rain or shine—on the plea of a headache, her mother looked worried and said she had noticed that Izzie had not been looking "real peart" all day. But Izzie's "peartness" did not return with the next day, or the next. And, when one day, some stranger happened to remark casually that Jake Elliot had gone to live on the Roache ranch, that he had offered to straighten up the whole place and plant the crops in return for the old one-horned brindle cow and had taken up his abode on the place, camping in the front yard, Izzie's gloom became as black as night. Who ever heard of such a thing! Sandy George's prediction was right, Jake had found a way to get around old man Roache. The old fool! She had thought that he had a little grain of sense. Why any one with two eyes, or one even, could see perfectly plainly that Jake had no earthly use for an old one-horned brindle cow.

What did that mean to him when he had hundreds of them grazing on the desert? And he wouldn't go camping on the Roache place and undertake to work it through love of Pa Roache nor Ma Roache. There was only one thing that could induce him to do it, and if for that thing he was willing to go and live on the Roache place, he would not stop at any thing till he accomplished his end.

Miss Izzie's contempt knew no bounds. Her haughty aloofness broke down and she openly, publicly ridiculed Jake Elliot. She vented her wrath in scornful, cutting reproofs of Rosie Roache. She discussed Pa Roache's stupidity, his blindness, his lack of "push," his mercenary conduct, with every person who happened to come into the office. Jake Elliot was nothing but a sneaking, cunning rascal, and some day Pa Roache would wake up to find it out when his *dutiful* daughter would elope with the *friendly helpful* Jake!

But Miss Izzie did not know Rosie as well as she thought she did. Neither did she know Jake nor Pa Roache nor Ma Roache. For when the news reached her that Jake had actually married Rosie quietly and peacefully with the consent of her parents, her amazement was great. And when she heard that Jake was going to take Rosie to the desert, and that Pa Roache and Ma Roache and all the little Roaches were going too, her amazement was still greater. For once her tongue was silenced for no words could express her disgust and anger. But when, a week later, a small train of dusty wagons, bearing Jake and Rosie, Ma Roache, Pa Roache and all the little Roaches, the old brindle cow, a few chickens and all the earthly possessions of the Roache family, stopped in front of the postoffice and Jake strode smilingly in to bid her good-bye, her angry barrier began to break down. When he asked her to congratulate him the cutting retorts on her lips died away and nothing escaped her except, "Well, you got your money's worth."

The smile on Jake's face only broadened. "Well, I couldn't get her any other way, and I wasn't goin' to let her go, not so's you'd notice it. And she's worth it too, you bet."

His old spell was upon her again. Izzie could not remain untouched by his frank joyousness. She choked a little, and swallowed hard. Then she spoke a little softly, "I hope you'll always be as happy as you are now." She extended her hand to him and he caught it in a grateful grasp.

'09.

THE COMING OF LOVE.

The warrior, victory-flushed, spurred toward the moat,
  And thundered o'er the draw-bridge, pleased to see
That none gainsaid his entrance. He could gloat
  Through all the castle o'er his victory;
A savage joy possessed him as he thought
  Of Dunrheim Castle, siege-proof said to be,
Now to his feet in such abjection brought,
  Its helpless inmates suppliant at his knee.
Within the court-yard stood a slender maid,
  "Here, girl! Take thou my bridle. Lead my steed
To shelter," cried the Knight, "I'd be obeyed."
  And, pride-flushed, of the maiden took small heed.
His warrior's heart was steel, his mercy dumb,
  Ere love had come.

The maiden's cheek with angry red was dyed
  And scornfully she raised her gold-crowned head,
"Sir Knight, I will not take a single stride,
  To do the bidding of a churl," she said,
"Know ye, no stable boy before you stands,
  But daughter of the brave Sir Tristram Wade,
'Twere meeter you should bow to my commands."
  The Knight gazed curiously on the angry maid;
He saw the wondrous beauty of her face,
  And lo, new gentleness his heart o'er-crept,
He looked upon her form, of slender grace,
  And sudden warmth o'er all his being swept,
He knelt and kissed her robe's hem, stricken dumb,
  For love had come

P. K.,
'09.

THE AID OF THE UNTUTORED.

IT was a hot day in August. The dust seemed white in the glare of the sun, and the air was an oppressive weight. It seemed impossible to breathe in the little mud hut, but the woman who lay on the *kang* (brick bed) was too ill to protest, and only moaned feebly. The scene was in Sin ü Su, a little village on the Grand canal; there was nothing to distinguish it from the villages near by, for there were the same crowds of naked, dirty children,

the same little mud huts, and filthy, ill-smelling streets. The woman on the *kang* was young, and would have been rather pretty if she had not been so wasted by illness. Her mother-in-law, old Chang Ma, came in at intervals to fan the girl's face, and then stepped outdoors again to resume her spinning and scream at the children when they ran too near the passing carts. All Chang Ma's love and pride were centered in her son, a prosperous carpenter. Partly because the sick girl was a dutiful wife to her son, and partly because she herself was not unkind by nature, Chang Ma tended the girl with all the simple arts she knew. Many were the *cash* she spent for incense and offerings to the gods, and all the remedies she had heard from her mother she used to aid the girl. They were remedies honored by generations before her, and Chang Ma had a child-like faith in them, but she grew more hopeless as each day passed and the girl grew worse.

On this day the girl seemed exhausted by the heat, and she lay motionless, with her eyes closed, and her face flushed and parched with fever. Chang Ma walked into the room again, and passed a fan over the *kang*. A few flies stirred, but the air seemed dead and no fanning could liven it again. Chang Ma watched the girl anxiously, then passed into another room, lighted a stick of incense, and put it before the tattered and smoky image of the goddess of Mercy, that hung on the wall. She knelt to *kotow* (prostrate herself), then passed again to the side of the *kang* where the girl lay. A faint breathing showed her that her daughter was still alive, but so weak as to be scarcely conscious of any movement in the room. Chang Ma saw it was a case beyond her simple treatment, and resolved to find aid.

A cart rumbled by as Chang Ma stepped into the street, and she screamed to the children so they ran out of the way, frightened. She walked down the street, turned at the corner, and soon stopped in front of a little shop. A man sat in the doorway, sipping a bowl of hot tea, but as she came to the door he rose, and putting aside the tea adjusted a pair of large horn-rimmed spectacles. Chang Ma spoke:

"Honored doctor, my son's wife is very ill and I have come for some of your excellent medicine to make her well. Her head is hot, even as a stone when the sun has been shining on it all day, and she has no rest. She seems to be burning and I cannot quench the fire."

The man looked grave, and pompously considered for a moment, then went into his shop, to return with some round red plasters. As he handed them to the woman he said,

"Put these on either side of your daughter's forehead. They will draw the fire out and then she will be well again."

Chang Ma gladly paid him a few *cash* and hastened home. She put the plasters on either side of the girl's forehead, and then sat in the doorway again to spin. The day wore on, while the shadows grew longer and longer, and finally the sun sank, leaving the air still heavy and lifeless. Chang Ma's son had come home, and was listening to her account of the day.

"The poor girl suffers, she is hot as though burned by fire. I went to the village doctor to get some plasters, but they do not draw the fire out as he said they would. She has been a good wife to you, my son. I had to go many *li* to get her for you, and she has been a pearl, even as the name of her girlhood signified."

"Yes mother, your words are true, and we cannot lose her now. Today I was at work near the river, and I heard some men talking of the foreign doctor. They say he cures all who go to him, he even makes blind people see and the lame walk, and I want him to cure my wife. I shall go for him now, and she will be well to-night."

Chang Ma muttered dubiously to herself, then said:

"I have been afraid of this, my son, for I too have heard of the foreign doctor. But the people of the village are angry with the foreign devils, and say they kill people so they can use their hearts for medicine. I do not want the foreign doctor, but he can do the poor girl no harm now, so if you want him, you may go."

Soon the man was trotting out of the village, on a little donkey. The village where the foreigners lived was not far away, but it would soon be dark, so he hurried on. Chang Ma stayed to watch the girl. A faint breeze came through the open door, and it seemed like a tonic to the girl on the *kang,* the first sign of consciousness that she had shown that afternoon came, as she stirred and seemed to relax. She breathed more deeply, and the anxious lines left Chang Ma's face as she watched her. Then Chang Ma thought, with a sudden fear, that the improvement might not last till the doctor came, and surely these precious breaths must not be lost. She would try to keep them in the girl's body till the doctor came. So swiftly she closed the door, then ran to the *kang* again, and put one hand firmly over the girl's mouth and one over her nose. Now all the precautions were taken, surely it was impossible that the breath should escape. She pressed her hands more tightly over the white face. The girl struggled a little, then the struggling grew more feeble, till it stopped. The

minutes seemed to drag, and Chang Ma's hands grew numb, but she only tried to press down the harder. The breath must be kept in, and her daughter would live. The gods were kind, surely they were not displeased that her son went to ask aid of the foreign devils. Tomorrow she would take fine seed cakes to the temple, and show her thanks to the gods. Her son would be so pleased that she had saved his wife,—but he was a long time in coming, and her arms were cramped and stiff. Voices were heard in the courtyard, and she knew the doctor had come. He hurried into the room, flinging the door open, and seeing the two women at the *kang,* strode quickly to them. A glance told the story, he told Chang Ma to lift her hands and go, but there was nothing to be done by any earthly doctor. The man who had brought him was standing by, waiting in simple faith for his wife to be made well. The doctor could only take these hopes away in as merciful words as his kind heart could suggest, and then offer to aid in the offices that remained to be done. His offers were refused, and he went from the courtyard, and rode sadly away on his pony. As he passed down the street he heard a long wail come from the house he had left, a long wail full of lonely grief. Another wail followed, and another, till he had passed beyond the village and could hear them no more; it was Chang Ma wailing for her son's dead wife.

MARY CARLETON PECK,
'10

THE RIVERS OF DREAM.

It is the rivulets of dream
That run the whole world through,
That wash the soil off from the gold
And mark the world anew.

That make this jagged rock so round,
There, cause a flower to bloom,
And ever sing with sweeter sound
From the cañon's deepest gloom.

The world of life and love and cheer
Is carried adown that stream,
For ever the things we hold most dear
Slip into the land of dream.

M. W.,
S. '09.

Seetrift.

HIS WILL

The sky is silv'ring in the early pink of dawn,
The day is lighting in the early glow of morn;
The black pines darken and shiver,
The blue gums sparkle and quiver;
A cool blowing breath calls over the hill,
"Waken and sing,
All thy strength bring,
Sing! Sing!
Thy cup with joy fill,
'Tis His will, His Will!"

K. N.
'09.

The Call of Nature

Overhead, the stars—calm, peaceful, clear. All around, the fields, odorous with fresh mown hay—backed by the hills, dark and majestic in the pale light of a new moon — cut in the distance by a dark indistinct blur of trees marking the course of the river. From a sumac near the hills a mocking bird wildly singing,

Upward flitting,
Downward darting,
With his wild notes e'er imparting
Rapturous joy to all who hear.

Oh the boundless power of Nature! The power to kill all sense of the drudgery and grind of the world, to blot out sin and suffering, to bring a realization of the Supreme Power, to place all in harmony with the Infinite. '09.

The Peace of the Hills and the Skies

Stand with me at evening on one of the foothills by the shores of Lake Tahoe. The mist is slowly creeping over the lake, but the long, slanting rays of the sun bring a few last sparkles from the little waves that rise and fall rythmically, ruffling the surface but giving no hint of the still depths of sapphire blue beneath them. The mountains encircle the lake, like strong, rugged guardians watching over it. The splendid strength of their lines, as they stretch up and up to their crowns of snow, enters into one's

very soul, and fills it, crowding out all petty thoughts. The fir and pine trees are tall and sombre, and seem to be always pointing to what is highest. Above all are the skies, infinite in their calm depths. None of the most brilliant treasures earth could yield, even from those mighty mountains, could rival the splendor and majesty of the departing day. In the presence of such wonderful strength and glory and calm one must worship in awe and silence. The soul is filled with noble and lofty thoughts. No small desires and ambitions can find place there. The silence seems eternal, and is unbroken save by the half-unconscious utterance of the prayer of Van Dyke, "Lead me out of the narrow life, to the peace of the hills and the skies."

M. C. P.
'10.

The Waters of Tahoe

The most beautiful and the most wonderful feature of Lake Tahoe is the color of the water. Colors, we should say, for there is not one but many. To get the full effect you must go out on the water, where you can look down, down, down into the depths. There could be nothing else like it. Imagine yourself on a launch looking down into the water. Here it is a blue, blue like a liquid, shining sky. You pass on and it is the blue of the sapphire. Now you can catch a glimpse of the bottom at a dizzy depth and now it is just blue, blue without end. Look back over your course and see the colors joining on the surface, not blending into each other, but breaking off abruptly, light blue here, deepest indigo a foot farther. Pass on again and the blue has gone. Instead, here is green, lucent green, with touches of amber at the surface. It is the color of the new grass, and the eye looks into it as into an emerald. Surely this cannot be water. It is, rather, some magic essence of the blue of the sky, of the purple of the violet, of the green of the grass, of the gleam of the sunbeam. Such is the coloring of Lake Tahoe.

'11.

A Tragedy

The clouds are big and fluffy, and look as if they would like to tumble and roll, and push and pull. But they have to follow the parts in their play: they must all move in the same direction and sail and float as fast as they can. They are quite dramatically disposed this morning, acting with a back-ground of sky blue. They are mostly in white, but some are gray, and some are brown, and some are big and black, and some are dressed like fairies, very transparent and in-

definite. They turn and wave and courtesy as they hasten along. The light touches the edges of their gowns, trimming them with pink and gold. A large, dense cloud slips up. The gay clouds scatter in an instant, hastening to the hills. But the big mournful actor cannot hold his position; he has to obey his mortal enemy, the sun, who just then glares across the water. The sun moves slowly towards him, until finally the angry cloud is forced away. With a low, tense grumble he disappears in the crowd of clouds impatiently pushing over the hills.

K. N.
'09.

Dawn on the Water-front

Above us hung thick blackness, pierced here and there by bits of light that seemed like rays from so many keyholes into a room filled with glory. Behind us lay the bay, black too, except when some flashlight revealed tall masts and rocking hulls. Before us was the wharf upon which a pile of fruit boxes and rough boards were made visible by the dim circle of brightness from a lantern on a barrel by the gangplank. There were long shadows of these stretching away so far that we could not discern their ends. Over on shore an engine coughed its way back and forth in a lumber yard. Save for this, and the slap, slap, from the inky hollow below us we could hear nothing.

Gradually the light from the stars grew dimmer. A blueness tinged with black came over the sky. Masts rising from shadowy ships stood around our steamer. The circle about the lantern became fainter and fainter. Bales and barrels appeared as if by magic only a few yards away. We could see the edge of the wharf now, and catch occasionally a grayish gleam from the water below. Buildings on shore soon stood where before we had seen only shadows. From the lumber yard in which the solitary engine had labored came sounds of shoutings and calls. A street car bell clanged and wagons and drays clattered up the hill. On the bay, too, a change had taken place. Instead of shapeless hulks trim vessels floated, their brass work shining in the new brightness. The water sparkled as each tiny wave rose and fell. In among the larger craft squirmed little launches, whistling saucily at their slow motion and offering daintily to show them the way out of the harbor. Long black puff clouds of smoke rose from the steamers, while they shook with the poundings of the engines within them. Along the shore ran draymen, porters and street venders shouting to travelers, and above all sounded the busy hum of a city newly awakened to another day.

R. H. S.,
'09.

We had been traversing for perhaps an hour, the oak forests which clothe the higher ranges, above the redwood belt, when we emerged suddenly upon a little open glade of perhaps three acres in extent. It was surrounded on every side by the higher points of the range, and sloped gently down into a narrow hollow. At the lower edge, just inside the moss-covered, dilapidated fence, was a field of tall grass, browned by the July sun. Above the field was an orchard, whose moss-grown old trees still offered cherries and peaches, small though they were, to the passing hunter. At the upper edge of the glade stood the ruins of a low cottage, whose weakness and decay were concealed by great climbing rose-bushes and masses of honey-suckle. Passing on across the deserted farm, we came suddenly upon a lonely grave in the fence-corner. Tangled weeds covered the mound, but a tall, scraggly mock-orange at the head, gave mute testimony of the care which the grave had once received. Carved in the rough board which formed the headstone, were the words, "Imogene, aged eighteen, died, December 9, 1885." A sudden realization of the loneliness and the pathos of the place gripped our hearts, and we rode on up the mountain, leaving Imogene to slumber on in the peace which we had disturbed, with the birds twittering in the old orchard and the limitless blue sky overhead.

A Deserted Farm

P. K.
'09

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Editorial.

THE increased enrollment of College students, and the broader outlook in every way, make this year significant in the growth of Mills College. This College has existed since October the seventh, 1885. It is an outgrowth of the Seminary, and although, of a necessity, it has shared many things in common with that institution, nevertheless it has always remained a distinctive college unit. It has been small. Until this year, the enrollment has never exceeded fifty; but it has always maintained a good college standing. Students who have graduated from Mills have been able to take graduate courses in the Universities of Stanford and California, and have done commendable work. Mills has also offered the advantages of a woman's college, which our co-educational universities do not offer. Among the greatest of these advantages have been the dormitory life, and the association with teachers who represent the best in womanhood. Instruction in music and art have also been among the opportunities of Mills; and in the last few years a Domestice Science department has been added, which has included the study of hygiene, dietetics, home management and sanitation, and practice work in cooking and housekeeping.

Until this year, however, Mills has remained a small college, and has not received that recognition which was its due. Letters have come addressed to Mills College, Los Angeles. This summer the statement appeared in an article in the *Outlook,* that there was no woman's college of first-class standing, west of the Atlantic states. This summer, too, one of the eastern magazines published an article which gave the history of Mills College during its twenty years of existence, and located it in Pasadena. All of these things have been annoying; but Mills has held its own, and this year the registration of the College has increased more than twenty per cent. The increased number of students makes it possible to offer more

courses. To meet the greater demand, the faculty includes more instructors than formerly. The support of the student organizations, too, is stronger. Now the College is able to accommodate more students who are sure to come, and to offer advantages which have hitherto been impossible.

With the increase in the number of students, has come an increase in the number of localities represented. Students are at Mills not only from California and the western States, but also from many of the eastern States and from Hawaii, Japan and China. Mills has her mission to perform. Young women of the Orient are more and more claiming an American education, and the young women of the West are seeking a woman's college near home. Mills College stands at the very gateway of the Occident and the Orient, and to the young women of both she opens her doors.

THE editors for this year wish to encourage the students of Mills College and Seminary in their support of the WHITE AND GOLD. After all, editors are only editors, and the responsibility for the supply of material rests with the students. The majority of the students may think they have nothing to write. But it is a matter of common experience for one to finish some masterpiece, and find that it no more than expresses one's own thoughts and conceptions. Everyone has stored up a treasury of experiences and fancies, all hallowed because they have become a very part of the person, and have combined to give richness and color to the life. The editors want expression of these. If the students will consent to make the effort to write, the editors will promise to edit a paper of which they can be justly proud. Dr. Wm. De Witt Hyde has well expressed a writer's requisites when he said they were: "The courage to try to do a thing before you know how, and the patience to keep on trying after you have found out you don't know how, and the perseverance to renew the trial as many times as necessary until you do know how."

ATHLETICS

Another year of college has begun, a year of good, vigorous work in athletics, it is to be hoped, as well as in the more serious work of the school. The athletic department of a college is a department in which there is centered a very great deal of interest, and to which should be attached considerable importance. It is of importance to the welfare and enjoyment of the individual members of the school, and of interest not only to the school itself but to all of its outside friends.

Athletics are important, not only because we gain from them physical health, though that perhaps is the thing most often emphasized. Mental alertness and quickness of decision ought to be among the things we get out of our college athletics, a kind of mental training we do not so often get from our ordinary studies. A first-class tennis or basket-ball player must know what he is going to do, must decide upon it quickly, and must do it almost instantly. Self-control too, we should learn, control of our bodies and control of our tempers, for what will spoil the true enjoyment and good spirit of a game of tennis or basket-ball more quickly than a show of anything but a perfectly honorable and generous spirit? And then in basket-ball, we learn to work together, to forget our own interests in the interest of the team. We must work, not for ourselves, if our basket-ball is to be truly successful, but for our team, and behind our team, for our college and the glorious "white and gold."

But it is the pure joy and fun of athletics that appeal to us most strongly. How good it is, after a long summer vacation, to get out upon the basket-ball and tennis courts again, or out with the walking club, breathing the pure, fresh air, with the open sky overhead, or in the gymnasium with our pulses beating in response to the music. And surely joy and fun have their true place in the lives of everyone. There are few better or more healthful sports than a good game of basket-ball or tennis entered into with a spirit of joyfulness and vigor. And lots of fun there is, too, in getting out with the walking club, especially now that the afternoons are growing cool and crisp and the air is just right for walking. How many interesting things

one may see as he goes along, if only he keeps his eyes open. And how good it is to breathe for awhile the fresh air and enjoy the exercise. It gives one a spirit of joy, and a sense of the brightness and bigness of things. Then there is an added joy in athletics, because in it is centered a good deal of our college spirit, and college spirit is essentially a joyful thing. We all love our college if we are her loyal children. Let us show our loyalty this year by a good, strong, enthusiastic spirit in all our athletics. Let us keep up and increase the splendid reputation we have already won, and show all our sister colleges that we are ready to win from them again this year; and if perchance they gain a victory, we will give them our hearty applause, for victory belongs to the better team. Only we hope that ours will be the better.

EDITOR OF THE DEPARTMENT.

FIELD CLUB.

Have you ever seen a group of fifteen or twenty girls starting off in the afternoon down the avenue or toward the hills and wondered where they were going and why? They are the girls who belong to the Field Club and are starting off for a walk of three or four miles.

There are many walks from which to choose. A beautiful view of the surrounding country may be obtained by climbing the hills back of the College, and for those who prefer the level there are the walks through the cañons and along the country roads.

Once a month the club plans to take longer walks on Saturdays, sometimes for half a day and other times for the entire day. These all-day walks are the most enjoyable for they combine the fun of a picnic and beautiful views with the happy knowledge that ten or fifteen miles are being added toward the four hundred miles which means the winning of the "M."

When springtime comes the Field Club girl rejoices, and her armfuls of beautiful wild flowers excite the envy of all. Then come the early morning walks when the girls start out feeling very sleepy at first, but the invigorating air has a magic effect and they think with pity of the girls who are still sleeping, not realizing what they are missing. L. S., S '08.

TENNIS.

Now's the time to play tennis. The courts are in splendid condition. The weather is just right for a good hard game. A great deal of enthusiasm was shown throughout last term, and we hope the old girls will keep

up with their practice and set an example for the beginners. The new students are not lacking in interest, as many have scheduled and we trust will make good use of the courts. We sincerely hope there will be many trying for Class A, so that the entries in the tournament this coming year will be larger than formerly. Those who have not played the game before have the privilege of beginning now, as instructions will be given to all desiring them.

J. M. A.,
S. '10.

GYMNASIUM.

With another graduate of the New Haven School of Gymnastics at the head of our physical training department the gymnasium work for the school year has started in full of life and vigor. Full of the Swedish rah! rah! spirit.

Though a considerable sum has already been obtained for our new gymnasium we would give much to be able to say that our work was begun in a new gym. With the large number of new girls the facilities of our old gym are certainly inadequate for the very best possible work and to the Mills girl there could be and would be no more gratifying sight than the erection of a fine new physical training building.

It would be splendid to have a new gym and how well it would go with our new instructor—the tall Eastern gymnast, who expects within a year to make us walk as we should, chin in, shoulders back. Many of our girls —and there are many new ones among us—need the fine training they will get here at Mills.

We are proud of our department, delighted at the interest the girls take in their work, pleased with past results, sure of the results we know will come with the new year, but how very proud we would be if we had a new gym.

Dora Cohn,
'09.

BASKET BALL.

Once more we are out on the basket-ball court, putting into the game all the strength, vigor, and enthusiasm which we have been storing up during the summer. What a pleasure it is to feel the ball spring from our hands and course away down the field, from player to player, till it is at length placed in the basket! How tired we are as we trot from the field after a brisk game! How refreshed and invigorated we feel after a plunge!

In short we are beginning a new season with a fresh allotment of spirit and enthusiasm which should make for us a very successful season.

Last season, the Mills team was victorious over Lowell High School and San Jose Normal. This fall will, of course, witness the annual game between the College and Seminary teams, while in the spring, it is our hope to reorganize the coast league, whose championship cup was held by Mills prior to the dissolution of the league. All our new spirit will go into steady practice, and we will play with a will, realizing that we have worlds to conquer.

P. K.,
'09.

COLLEGE LIFE

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

May 21, 1907.

Organ Prelude—Toccata from the Fifth Symphony.....*Widor*
Mr. Uda Waldrop
Processional—Rise, Crowned with Light.....*Ignace J. Pleyel*
Spring Song.....*Oscar Weil*
College Choir
Prayer.....Rev. Raymond C. Brooks
Announcements.....Rev. Charles R. Brown
Address.....Mrs. Philip Carpenter, LL. B.
The Snow.....*Edward Elgar*
College Choir. Obligato for Violins
Misses Wells and Woodberry
Presentation of Diplomas
Conferring of Degrees
Hymn—Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah!
Benediction
Recessional—Onward, Christian Soldiers.....*Sabine Baring Gould*
Organ Postlude—Queen of Sheba.....*Gounod*
Mr. Uda Waldrop
Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, Director of College Choir

College Class of 1907—Birdie Estelle Anderson, Susan Dora Biethan, Emma Anna Costa, Winifred Christina Fredericks, Gertrude May Gable, Edna Genevieve Kimball, Mary France McDermott, Ella Aiken Smith, Lora Walker.

Seminary Class of 1907—Minerva Hutchins Bell, Bessie Ella Best, Mabel Estell Brown, Helen Allison Burbank, Helen Marguerite Chandler, Ruth Katherine Davis, Ellen Downing, Alice Rose Eyraud, Pauline Friedrick, Ethel Gertrude Gillett, Hortense Sybil Gore, Helen Robertina Gunn, Mildred Harrah, Laura Eugene Holmes, Celia Kaeppler, Amy Blanche McDermid, Laura Irene McDermott, Hazel Moore, Juliette Perrin, Edith Porter.

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS.

May 21, 1907.

When Mrs. Mills returned from her Eastern trip, among the many interesting events we were told about, was her visit with one of her old pupils, Mrs. Philip Carpenter of New York. Mrs. Carpenter holds the enviable position of being one of the best woman lawyers in the United States, of having been the President of the Federated Women's Clubs, of being President of the Sorosis Club of New York, and to us the most important of her honors is that of being a Mills graduate—the Class of '73. Mrs. Mills also informed us that Mrs. Carpenter was to deliver the Commencement address.

We looked forward with a great deal of pleasure and a certain amount of curiosity to Mrs. Carpenter's arrival, for Mrs. Mills had told us of her strength of character, her personal sweetness and her wit.

When Mrs. Carpenter did arrive we certainly were not in the least disappointed—not one of us. And on the other hand, the description received from Mrs. Mills, though so full of life, could scarcely come up to the character of the woman we learned to love and admire.

On Commencement Day, Lisser Hall was crowded to its utmost. Not one regretted coming, for we heard one of the best Commencement addresses ever delivered at Mills College—by one of her own Alumnæ, too. How we all wished we were one of the graduates—just to have the consciousness of being directly addressed by such a woman. Everyone was held in fascinated attention from the moment she rose to speak.

"God gave mankind a marvelous gift when he gave memory. Such wondrous moving galleries of life-pictures we have in the corridors of the brain, each unfolding its beauty, its grace, or even its pain, before the mind's eye, all at the touch of some button of reminiscence, some passing reminder that brings the long forgotten incident before us. After years of absence, the pictures in the galleries of my memory present to me a wonderful life-day, beginning with the golden glow of that dawn that belongs to the bright hours of childhood; then on through the sweeter and deeper light of young womanhood; and further into the strong noon of full maturity. What a pathway lies between sixteen and fifty—sixteen looks with eagerness, with expectant, dreamy eyes upon the possibilities, with an intense desire to make life so noble, so true, so full of purpose, that it shall be a pæan when finished, whose music cannot be forgotten. Fifty, looks from the other direction and sees much to sadden yet much to rejoice in. How much of that beautiful possible of sixteen has been made into the actual at fifty?

"It is of the conquest of the Possible into the Actual that I shall speak. 'The world is full of a number of things,' says one of the children's beloved poets. Indeed it is, but they will all range themselves into the things *actual* and the things *possible.* The actual is here today; the possible waits our coming steps. But the world of our possible lies just before us—that wonderful possible which is not yet filled, not yet settled, not yet made impossible! What a world of beauty, of hope, of opportunity! What a wonderland of inspiring peradventures and maybes! Emerson has said, 'In the actual, that painful kingdom of time and chance, are care, canker and sorrow.' True, though we try to look above it, but in the *possible,* that happy kingdom of hope and enthusiasm, are what? Things unsurpassed, infinite, unutterable. Being content with the actual is mere existing! *Conquering the possible, is highest living.*

"Having now completed the first volume of your Book of Life, the volume of your young, careless girlhood, let there be a second volume worthy of the first, that shall bring no disappointment of expectations; one that shall carry on the beautiful story already begun—that shall develop the fine character already sketched. Go out into the world, conquer your own possibilities, let it be said of you, '*Many might have done it, one did it!*'"

If all the class of '73 was like the one dear member we know—what a class it must have been. So with the wonderful face of Mrs. Carpenter before us—"Here's to the Class of '73!"

D. C., '09.

Mrs. Mills, accompanied by her secretary, Miss Madison, sailed for Honolulu two days after the term closed.

President Mills' Vacation

Dr. Mills was President of the Oahu College in Honolulu and Mrs. Mills was an instructor for four years. Oahu College is co-educational. They had among their students those who are now the representative men and women in the Islands.

Mrs. Mills found a host of friends among the old students and old friends. The Trustees of the College gave her a most delightful reception, and later she was also the guest of the Alumni. Invitations to luncheons and dinners were so numerous that it was impossible to accept them all.

Mrs. Mills was especially delighted to find the old College much improved. New buildings had been added and much endowment secured. The children of the former students are planning and doing generous things for their beloved Alma Mater, and Mrs. Mills rejoices in all the good that comes to the Islands and to her old friends.

As a slight token of their appreciation for the many courtesies shown them while there, Mrs. Mills and Miss Madison gave a reception to two hundred and fifty at Alexander Young's hotel, where they were staying. Their visit is full of delightful and pleasant memories.

Their trip to the Islands was made in the Mongolia and they returned in the Siberia—a great contrast to the little schooner that took Mr. and Mrs. Mills there to their work in 1860.

Mrs. Mills' days at the Islands this Summer were filled with social attentions from a great number of very dear friends; she was honored on every side and then honored her friends in return—all in the midst of the Island flowers and luxury.

Punahou's Welcome to Mrs. Mills.

It is not possible to tell of the different receptions and functions of all kinds that were given. We quote from one paper only, feeling that it shows the tone of the whole welcome:

"A large audience assembled last evening at Oahu College, to meet Mrs. Susan L. Mills. The occasion was a beautiful tribute to one who had given faithfully to the youth of Hawaii. The long line of former pupils was greeted by the old time names, showing the wonderful memory of this wonderful woman. Later in the evening, after the program, while refershments were being served it was possible to enjoy the Glee Club of the College and to notice the decorations of the rooms. Here and there were beautifully lettered cards with the words "Mount Holyoke—Batticotta—Oahu—Mills" telling the significant story of Mrs. Mills' life: at Mt. Holyoke the thoughtful, aspiring young woman had been deeply impressed by the beauty of service; after her marriage, she and her husband went to India for seven years; after that to Punahou; after that, to California, where they established Mills College, the only college for women this side of the Rockies. The womanhood of California bear testimony to the generous opportunities provided them and to the impress made by a strong character. What crown more royal than the establishment of such a work! Like wisdom, it is beyond the price of rubies. It is well, now and then, for a community to stop and to take full inventory of its indebtedness. And to whom may larger indebtedness be than to the teachers of our children, the men and women who without stint, give the very best that is in them to make strong and beautiful the youth of our homes?"—*Hawaiian Gazette.*

"You are the freshest,
The greenest class in the school,
You think you're smart,
But you're a snap to fool;
Though you have numbers
You're not so much,
Fresh, Fresh, oh you little Freshmen
You beat the Dutch!"

This has been sung to the Freshmen classes for the last four years. Every year it applies with the greatest accuracy, every year it is heard with fresh interest, it is freshly encored, it sometimes is even sung by fresh young voices that forget that they belong to Freshmen. But if the Freshmen knew what a tide of pent up enthusiasm yelled itself into that hard green song, they'd soon be spoiled children.

Before College opened, the news went from letter to letter that the Freshmen enrollment was larger by ten than last year's. By a week after registration, when all the little stray ones finally found the beaten path that leads to Mills, we were utterly taken aback—the new class numbered more than all the three upper classes combined.

Suppose they should be a self-willed class, girls who couldn't forget their late Senior important weightiness! Just suppose now what might happen if that class took a unanimous notion to a thing; no hope for the opposition, even if it included every Sphomore, Junior and Senior in the College. Whew, but we upper class people will have to devote our time to administering Mills spirit in order to preserve it! The doses will have to be big and concentrated, else they won't have any effect. After the first day-full has been taken with a homesick courtesy, the Freshmen will wipe their tired eyes and ask for more, and then, in just a little while they'll discover the required ingredients and manufacture it for themselves. The formula as it stands is self-control, kindliness, open air joyousness, and College enthusiasm (I give you that formula, just as a clue).

Then girls, after we'd dreamed over you for a while, the material side of the question struck our fancy. Did you know that the College had been held back because there had not been a sufficient enrolment to justify the adding of new courses and the rapid improvement of old ones? This year you have made it possible to have established permanent courses in Psychology, Economics, Pedagogy—courses which have had to come only every other year heretofore. All of the professors of music and their assistants have schedules full to breaking. The regular Freshmen classes are so large that the instructors are resorting to examinations (don't you wish you were fewer, Freshies?) And the Domestic Science department? It is "blossoming like the rose." The Cottage has always had an absolutely unflawingly perfect kitchen, and now the rest of the house is to be made equally perfect. The class in household values is to superintend the work, putting their theoretical knowledge into practical effect—all under the guidance of Miss Eaton. Such splendid College and University women as have been added to the Faculty! Why, girls, they're something to dream of.

Nineteen hundred eleven, we thank you for making all of these new advantages possible. We are glad there are so many of you; the mere fact of your numbers gives the College new opportunities. Yes, but it also gives the College inspiration. Yet for all this, don't let your big class be an elaborate poster which stands for nothing. Let "nineteen 'leven" be a name written and spoken with enthusiasm; make it stand so definitely for what is kindly, rightly ambitious and glad, that the whole College can not help but welcome you; make it a name which month by month holds deeper strength; then, we'll call you "Mills girls"—girls who have learned the meaning of the name, girls who have *added* to its pure value.

EDITOR OF THE DEPARTMENT.

Am I next? All right. I'll tell you what the Seniors and Juniors did to the Freshmen who were unable to escape to the attic.

Initiation of the Freshmen

The Freshmen had strict orders not to leave their rooms on Saturday night, August seventeenth. This was a command that I could not obey, for I was very curious to know what was happening; hearing many footsteps, I ventured to put just two inches of my head out of the door, but I must say there is nothing slow about that "Brother Beadle No. I," for I no sooner put my head out than she put it back for me quicker than I ever believed my slow head could be moved. The look she gave me was enough to frighten any poor Freshman. I turned to my room-mate to ask her opinion of such rudeness, but lo and behold! the girl was not in the room. Where could she be? No, she could not have climbed out through the window. The closet! I rushed frantically into the closet and there she crouched in a corner, shaking like a leaf. I pulled her out into the room and saw that she was pale as a ghost. My kingdom for a fan! Rushing to the door, I tore off the card of rules and

began to fan her with it. Just at this critical moment the door opened and two black forms came quietly into our room. They carried a towel and a long stick. I started to plead for my fainting room-mate, but received just one glance that stiffened my organs of speech. We were blindfolded and heedlessly dragged out of the room. I pinched the Brother Beadle that was guarding me so carefully and hastily found out the mission of that huge stick she was carrying.

We were escorted by the Black Beadles into the college parlors and relieved of the blindfolds. Before us on an elevated platform sat a grave judge wearing a mortarboard cap and a flowing black robe. A quill was stuck over her right ear. She began to read from a long scroll which was decorated with pictures of all kinds of queer creatures, and contained questions of our previous experiences and our fitness to enter college. I couldn't think of any of my previous experiences, but thought that if I survived the present experience that my fitness for college would be unquestionable.

"Brother Beadle" escorted us to Prof. of "Lambology," sitting at the left of the judge. This professor asked us in rather a high-pitched tone if we had ever experienced the sensation of being pursued up the creek at midnight by a giant mosquito, and if we had ever wandered in the wilds of Prospect Hill by the dark of the moon and risked our lives at the hands of the desperate night watchman. After we assured her that we knew nothing of such things, we were passed on to Professor of Manology. This professor gave discourses on love and offered courses in Platonic friendships, dimples and how to use them,—special elective for timid people and how not to do it. She also said that associated courses could be found in the Domestic Science department. We were then escorted to the Professor of Waterdogology, who warned us of the numerous waterdogs and their special dislike for Freshmen.

Last of all we were taken to Professor Obeyology. After promising to give the highest respect and obedience to the Seniors and Faculty, we were dismissed and our attention was attracted by the applause from the other end of the parlor. Seeing an audience of teachers and Sophomores, we quickly sought a quiet and secluded corner, where we could watch with satisfaction some of our other classmates go through the same order.

F. V. M., '11.

The First Wednesday Evening Gathering

It was the first Wednesday evening gathering of the College girls in College Hall parlors. The Seniors were the hostesses and were busy making the new girls feel at home and better acquainted with each other. A bright, cheerful fire crackled in the grate, making it even more homelike and cozy, and the laughter and chatter of the girls showed it was an hour for relaxation. Mrs. Mills came in for a few moments to greet the new girls—welcoming them to the College. One of the older girls played the different Mills songs while we all tried to learn the words from the little song books.

Presently one of the Seniors told us that Miss Kajiro, a little Japanese woman, who was spending a few days here on her trip around the world, would tell us of her life and work in Japan. Miss Kajiro presented a very quaint little figure as she stood there in her native dress, with its long flowing sleeves. Her voice was soft and musical and she immediately had the close attention of all the girls. Her story was simply told, but it was beautiful in its simplicity.

When she was six years old her parents were converted to Christianity, so she was practically brought up in a Christian home. Her mother taught her to say the little prayer so dear to all Christian children, "Now I lay me down to sleep," but, of course, in Japanese. When thirteen, she was sent away to school. While there she found the life of Mary Lyon, translated into her native tongue. This made so deep an impression upon her mind that her constant prayer was to be able to go to the school that Mary Lyon had founded, and fit herself to do the work, in her own country, that Mary Lyon had done in America. Finally, through the influence of mis-

sionaries, she was given the choice of a scholarship at any one of the women's colleges in this country. "Of course," she said, "I chose Mt. Holyoke." Thus was she enabled to receive a college education. She graduated from the Scientific course ten years ago, and has since been devoting her life to teaching young Japanese girls, less fortunate than herself.

Miss Kajiro closed with a most beautiful little incident, written to her by one of her former pupils, who by her influence had become a Christian. This young girl wrote it to show her conception of the love of Christ. One evening she was strolling along the ocean's shore, out into the country a little way. There she saw two little children, a boy and girl, running down from a cottage toward the water. About fifty feet out from shore was a fisherman's boat, and in it the father of these children. He saw them and was apparently calling to them, but no sound of his voice reached the shore. But as the boat slowly drew nearer, the children could catch his words. They danced up and down for glee. As soon as the boat had landed, they rushed into their father's outstretched arms and were carried to their home. This, the young girl wrote, was to her like the love of Christ. He was always calling His children, but sometimes they could not hear Him. But when they did, they were carried in His arms and finally brought to their eternal home.

This letter, Miss Kajiro said was a great source of gratitude to her, for it showed that she really had accomplished something for the girl, which would help her through her whole life. But this one girl is not the only one Miss Kajiro has brought to her Savior. Many other young girls have been led to Christ through her and the other teachers in the school.

All of the College girls were much impressed by this little talk, and it will help us, I know, to appreciate more fully what a great thing it is to have so near at hand and within the reach of so many a college with a Christian influence.

M. R., '11.

The President's Reception.

On the second Friday evening of the new term, August the twenty-third, President Mills invited the new and the old students to meet each other and the members of the Faculty in the parlors. When the girls had been received formally by the President and the new Faculty members, all gathered informally in the Recreation Room. A simple, beautiful musical program was given; delicious refreshments were served by the Seminary Senior girls; College songs and class songs were sung with vigor and vim, the friendly rivalry between College and Seminary creeping out now and then; and the evening was gone, but not before it had accomplished its purpose of making teachers and students more intimately acquainted. We thank Mrs. Mills sincerely for the kind and gracious interest by which she makes newcomers feel that they are new members of a large family and not unwelcomed strangers.

The Y. W. C. A. Reception.

On Friday noon, August thirtieth, our president called the Freshman class together and read to us an invitation of the Young Women's Christian Association to attend a reception given that evening to Miss Kajiro, the Japanese educator who was visiting here at Mills. Of course, we accepted it, and that evening found us entering the Margaret Carnegie Library, in the lower hall of which the reception was held.

As receptions go, it was quite informal. Miss Klugel, the president of the Y. W. C. A., received us and presented us to Miss Kajiro, who stood near her. We spoke a few words to her and then moved on to make room for others.

The room was crowded by the time we arrived, and all were chattering and laughing as though they were enjoying themselves. It was not a dress occasion, so

there were no very fine gowns, but the girls all looked pretty and sweet, as they generally do here. The decorations consisted of green potted plants, but the cozy, low-ceiled room needed nothing more.

We chatted together for perhaps three-quarters of an hour and became much better acquainted, especially with the older girls. Most of us had met Miss Kajiro and heard her talk at one of our Wednesday night meetings in College Hall, and those who had, felt it a great privilege to come in touch with such a consecrated woman. Mrs. Mills also was there, with her usual cordial, pleasant greeting.

During the evening we were served with punch and wafers. And when we left at a little past nine, we certainly felt that the Y. W. C. A. girls were very charming hostesses. M. J., '11.

The Horn.

When Mills College was much younger, and all these towering trees were mere florist's plants; when the hills were bare and the buildings new, the class of Seventy-Six had a horn. It was unimportant then, and the members of that faraway class have difficulty even in recalling its existence; but they used to blow it to call Senior class meetings. The antagonistic Senior-Middle spirit was present then, quite as much as now, and lo, they conceived a scheme to steal that '76 horn. It was never recorded whether they succeeded or not, but at any rate, when they became Seniors, they came into possssion of the Senior horn.

So the custom grew out of a mere incident. Nobody knows when the horn gave forth its last blast, or when the yellow tip came off, or when and where it got its many, many dents, though anyone looking at it now, so dilapidated and glorious, can but realize that every dent means some tremendous struggle, some thrilling "rush," some narrow escape from capture, or perhaps some heartrending, ignominious change of masters. How they worked for that horn and were willing to endanger life and limb to guard it! Loyalty seems a weak word when used to describe the devotion to that old tin horn. We hear vague rumors of the exploits of the classes of Nineteen Four, and Five, and many girls remember the struggles between the classes of Nineteen Seven and Eight. Once (we will be just, and tell it to our shame) it was bound to a limb of the large cypress tree on the lawn. All day the eager Senior-Middles sauntered around the lawn, dreaming dreams, and longing for the merest opportunity to show what they could do, totally ignorant of the fact that it was there, within sight, within reach even. But it was neither seen nor reached by any Senior-Middle, and next day, how we sighed and hung our heads, chagrined at the Seniors' triumphant poster: "'76 Horn Out!" with a picture of the tree!

And so the horn has been a tradition inseparably connected with Mills Seminary. If you wish to touch a sympathetic chord in the heart of any one-time Mills girl, only mention the '76 horn. It cannot fail to call up memories of enthusiastic Mills days that will be with her all her life.

The members of the class of Nineteen Eight have looked forward, through the past years, to the time when they should have the privilege and honor of guarding the horn, realizing fully the responsibility, the difficulty and the anxiety which it entailed, but courageous and eager for the duty. But when we learned that we could not be in College Hall, the aspect of the whole affair was changed completely. The overwhelming disadvantages with which we would have to contend added weight to Mrs. Mills' suggestion that the horn be abandoned. And so with much regret, we have discarded the time-honored custom. However, we hope that you, classes of the future, Nineteen Nine, Nineteen Ten, Nineteen Eleven, when it comes your turn to choose, will consider the matter seriously, and will remember that those who were here when your mothers went to school have guarded this same horn loyally, and is it right to count their efforts at naught? H. G. S., S., '08.

CALENDAR.

August 14—Registration.
17—Initiation of Freshmen.
18—First Service of the term: Rev. Raymond Brooks; "God is Love."
23—The President's Reception.
28—First of the College Hall evenings: Senior Class as hostesses; welcome by Mrs. Mills to the Freshmen; College songs; informal talk by Miss Kajiro.
30—Y. W. C. A. Reception.
31—Junior Class Picnic.
September 6-10—First Recess.

THE COLLEGE MAID.

Sighed the Freshman—
"Oh those Studies!
Recitations all the time.
Not a minute
Left for playing,
Just a grind from Nine to Nine."

"What, my lessons?"
Cried the Sophie.
"Well, I'll get them if I can.
I must have
My recreation
And a proper coat of tan."

Then the Junior,
Happy Junior,
Wandered by with face asmile.
"Concentration
On my lessons
Gets them in a little while."

"What's the matter
With that Senior
Flapping by in Cap and Gown?"
" 'Tis her Thesis—
Great, inspiring—
See her brows with learning frown."

'09.

THE "POUND."

I.

There's a cave of depths unsounded
And capacity unbounded;
At its contents we're astounded;
It's the Pound.

II.

If your book you cannot find,
Though you search till you are blind,
Till you almost lose your mind,
Search the Pound.

III.

Should you make some excavations
You would get some revelations
And perhaps some explanations
From the Pound.

IV.

There are loads of books indeed,
They're the books you ought to read,
From whose presence you are freed
By the Pound.

V.

If your Cicero, austere,
Which you're sure you left, "right here,"
Seems possessed to disappear,
Search the Pound.

VI.

If your teacher wants your folder,
Though distinctly you have told her
That you've searched this whole place over,
Search the Pound.

VII.

Said a maiden, blue and bored,
"I have lost my health, reward!
Said the girls with one accord,
"Search the Pound!"

H. G. S., S., '08.

INTIMATIONS OF MORTALITY.

(With apologies to whom apologies are due.)

Between the soup and the salad,
  With the mutton beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the meal's occupation,
  That is known as announcement hour.

The bell clangs loud, and my fork just
  Falls from my rigid hand,
With other forks wafted downward
  From the force of unseen command.

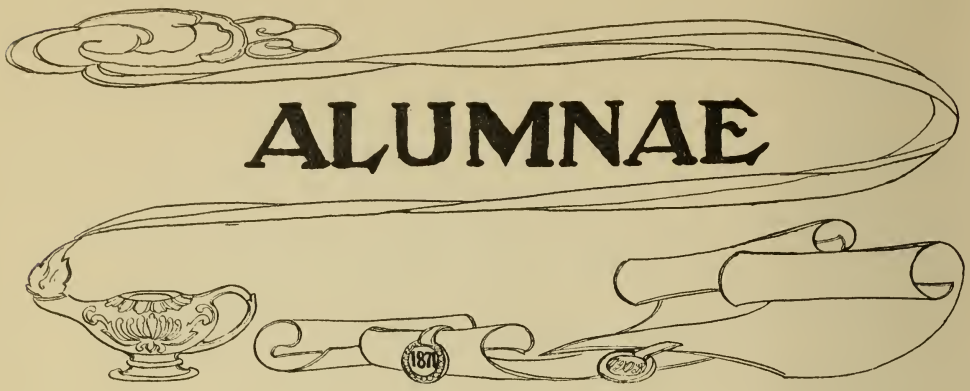
I hear the sound of the dishes
  Crash through the swinging door,
And a feeling of hunger comes o'er me
  That my soul has felt before.

A feeling of hunger and longing
  Which is not akin to the blest,
But resembles starvation only
  As an "ex." resembles a test!

Oh, read me a music list
  That poor room "Y" will vex,
Or a meeting at 12:45
  When I really should cram for an "ex."

Meetings real—"ex." in earnest
  Will obliterate my joy;
"Flunked" I am—But through my dreaming
  With potatoes enters Toy!

09.



EDITORIAL.

A Greeting, Alumnæ, for the New Year! May it be as successful with you as it bids fair to be with us. We are growing! The College and Seminary together are nineteen per cent larger than at this time last year. The College is twenty-nine per cent larger than before. The incoming Seminary class numbers thirty-eight this year. There are thirty-two College Freshmen, a gain of eight over last year. Several girls with advanced credits have come to finish their college work here. Our curriculum embraces a number of subjects which were not offered last year—Pedagogy, Economics, Logic and Psychology. The Domestic Science Department is being especially strengthened by Mrs. F. M. Smith's endowment. The Music Department is also stronger than ever.

Your past years here have all been preparations for us. Through your efforts we are what we are. Your enthusiasm has made our possibilities. And we still need your help. We need your guidance, your maturer wisdom, your wider experience. You can teach us much, and this Department is your opportunity. Travel sketches, letters, advice of all sorts, verse—each can have its lesson. Don't forget us now you are out in the world working. Show us how to work, too. Your support and watchful interest mean much to us. Once again, we ask, keep in touch with us.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY.

Miss Dora Eaton—Graduate of Home Economics Department of Lewis Institute, Chicago: Domestic Science Department.
Miss Alice R. Griswold—A. B., Mt. Holyoke: Science Department.
Miss Eda Falken—New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics: Physical Training Department.
Miss Mary Wentworth—A. B., Mt. Holyoke: History Department.
Miss Geneva Mower— M. A., University of California: Latin Department.
Miss A. J. Bristol—A. B., Stanford: Rhetoric Department.
Dr. Kate Brousseau—Ph. D., Graduate of State Normal School, Los Angeles, California; Student University of Paris, Ecole d'Anthropologie, Paris; College de France (Paris); Student of Morbid Psychology, Clinique Joffroy, Aisle Sainte Anne, Paris; author of "l'Education des Negres aux Etats-Unis."

MRS. CARPENTER.

Little Fannie Rouse of the Seminary Class of 1873 was most attractive. She had a piquant, original way of expressing her thoughts and a smile for everyone. When she came from the East she made her home at Mills Seminary. After graduating she went East again for a long visit and it was on the return trip to California that she met the gentleman whom she married, Mr. Philip Carpenter, then a student of Dartmouth College. He is now a well-known lawyer in New York City. Mrs. Carpenter was encouraged by her husband to study law. She did so and took her degree at the New York Law College and was admitted to the Bar about six years ago. She then opened an office and practiced independently of her husband. Last year, finding her club duties so exacting, she decided to discontinue the practice of law.

Mrs. Carpenter served as President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs of New York, addressing an audience of many thousands without embarrassment, a ready speaker, witty, logical and dignified. She has been Vice-President of the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution and has held office in many other clubs. She is now President of the Sorosis of New York, a club, "Founded on Womanhood," the most noted in existence.

An example of the busy life she leads was given in a recent letter to one of her old schoolmates in which she tells of having attended three session a day at a convention in Norfolk, Virginia, going from there to Great Barrington, Massachusetts, to address the State Federation.

"Her life is a book so vivid,
That all, though running, can read
The story of earnest endeavor,
Written for Woman's need."

One of Our Alumnæ.

THE CURSE OF COWDREY CASTLE.

The old hag told the tale—
She that was long-time keeper of the Castle Gate:—
"Aye, aye, the Knights was feastin' at their cups—
This very place ye're standin' on it was—
An' they'd besieged the Castle an' its lands
An' ta'en it out the han's o' them old monks.

"It's ne'er a worry that they had that night,
But only rev'lin' in the wine an' song.
But ah!"—the old hag cracked a laugh—
"But ah, an' w'en the clock was strikin' twelve—
That over there's the clock-wire tangled up—
The monks came in an' stood an' smiled an' cursed!
An' never once they stopped their 'orrid grin.
But nary grinnin' did the 'alf-drunk knights!
The monks, they cursed the castle, floor and roof—
A Curse of Fire an' o' Water's Hell,
An' prophesied the place 'ud never pass
From father to 'is son so long's it stood.

"An' do ye know, the curse it's a' come true!
Fu' many a father's held the Castle since,
But ne'er a son 'as got it from 'is 'and!
The sons, fu' three or four of 'em was drowned—
(An' there's the Water Curse a' comin' true!)

"An' ninety years ago the Fire it came,
An' this ye see is a' it left o' the stone!
My mother's aunt, she saw it, an' she saw
The clock,—ye mark the wire?—crash down at twelve—
A' lighted by the Fire they couldn't stop
Because the key that locked yon house was lost,
That house that held the water for a fire!
An' so ye see, the Curse it's comin' true!"

RUTH M. DODGE, ex-'08.
(In England, after hearing the hag tell the tale.)

PERSONALS.

S., '02. Fanny Grow Daly is living at Goat Island.
S., '02. May Kleugel spent the summer in California.
C., '02. L. Sybil Howe is teaching Latin in the Carson City High School.
S., '03. Marienne Börger visited in the Hawaiian Islands this summer.
S., '03. Chloe Robinson has gone to Seattle for the winter.
C., '03. Leila McDermott is teaching at Point Richmond.
S., '04. Belle Sanford is at home in Stockton.
S., '05. Caroline Shipman will remain at her home in Hilo, H. T., this year.
S., '06. Beatrice Wilkins is at home in Ocean Park.
Lenore Biethan will enter Stanford this year.
Marion Upson will enter Stanford this year.
Ruth McDonald is at home in Modesto.
Vina Kennison is at home in Oakland.
Edna Towle is still in Europe.
Carrie Bright is attending the University of California.
Verna Ray is attending the University.
Violet Damon is at home in Honolulu.
C., '06. Alice Robbins is teaching in the Colusa High School.
Mable Martin is living in Berkeley.
Bessie Smith is visiting in Berkeley.
S., '07. Helen Burbank, Irene McDermott, Helen Chandler and Pauline Friedrick have entered the College this year.
Helen Gunn has gone to Mexico to live with her sister.
Alice Eyraud spent the summer at Ocean Park. She will be at home in Bakersfield this winter.
Edith Porter and Ruth Davis are attending the University of California.
Mable Brown is taking a Business Course in San Francisco.
Bessie Best is at home in San Leandro.
Minerva Bell is at home in Sacramento.
Ellen Downing is at home in Suisun.
Mildred Harrah is in Pasadena.
Hortense Gore is at home in Fair Oaks.
Juliette Perrin is in Cleveland, Ohio.
C., '07. Lora Walker is at home in Golden, Colorado.
Gertrude Gable is in Woodland.
Winifred Fredericks is expecting to go East this Fall.
Mary McDermott is teaching music at Mills.
Emma Costa is expecting to visit Mrs. Hazel Boyd Hunter at Tonopah, Nevada.
Genevieve Kimball has entered the University of California for Post Graduate work.
Sue Biethan is at home in Blackfoot, Idaho.
Ellen Smith is taking Post Graduate work at the University of California.

NON GRADUATES.

Marion D. Miller is at home in Los Angeles.
Inez Allen has entered the University of California.
Mable Stewart is at home in Carson City.
Ruth M. Dodge is visiting relatives in England.
Florence Guernsey is at home in Santa Rosa.
Ethel Veysey has removed to Los Angeles.
Isabel Harrah is at home in Pasadena.
Marion M. Miller will go to the National Park Seminary, Washington, D. C., this year.
Ethel O'Brien is at home in Merced.
Margaret McGee has gone East for a year's visit.

MARRIAGES.

Adams—Heron. July 22. Harry Hampton Adams and Nancianna Memory Heron.
Burnham—Griffeth. At West Chester, Pennsylvania, August 28. Mr. Raymond Burnham and Mary Estelle Griffieth.
Extram—Ward. At Reno, Nevada, June 14. Charles Extram and Clara Belle Ward.
Reed—Mather. At Sacramento, September 8. Hayward Reed and Rose Mather.

BIRTHS.

C., '94. To Mrs. Grace Reynolds Collins—at Goldfield, June 25—a son, Edgar A. Collins, Jr.
To Mrs. Gertrude Holmes Kierulff—at Belvedere, July 25—a son, Stuart Crandell Kierulff.

The Radcliffe for June contains a spicy little treatise on "Mary Had a Little Lamb," that "epic," so the writer dubs it, which is no doubt familiar to all of us. The analysis of its literary qualities (?), its so-called metaphors, its lyrical power, its pastoral beauty, was exceedingly clever, but underneath the cleverness was something else. No doubt we have discovered something which the writer of this tid-bit never dreamed it contained, but if she had plodded, with us, through some of the analyses in the college magazines, she would realize the significance of this analysis to the Exchange Editor. How many analyses, when closely considered, are quite as ridiculous as this one. How often one begins on the analysis of a poem with a determination to find something where nothing is. Having stretched our imagination, as well as that of the author, and having brought to light the most marvelous figures of speech, of which even the author never dreamed he was guilty, we plume ourselves on having made a literary discovery. No doubt we have, but how often are such discoveries forced ones. Therefore let "Mary Had a Little Lamb" be an example to analysis-writers in the future.

The editorials in the June *Radcliffe* might well be pointed out as ideal ones for a college periodical.

Among the essays that have come to our notice, the *Bowdoin Quill* for May contains an interesting one on "Hawthorne's Interest in the Psychology of Crime," while the *Lake Erie Record* contains two creditable ones, one a well-written essay on Savonarola, the other on "Creoles of Literature."

The Xavier for July contains considerable good verse, as well as an interesting article, "Our Celestials," which describes carefully the Chinatown of New York.

The editorial in the *Smith Magazine* for May on the predominance of the literature of child-life in our college periodicals, is timely. The Exchange Editor has noticed, in her labors, the prevalence of the story and verse, dealing with phases of child-life, or, more often, mourning the incontrovertible fact that we are grown up and can no longer share in the joys of childhood. As the editor of the *Smith* remarks, all these writers appear to have forgotten entirely that there were sorrows and griefs in our childhood, that there were sundry childhood tragedies connected with the chloroforming of the pet cat on account of a predilection for chicken, the breaking of a favorite doll, or some similar event over which every one of us who was a normal child, has shed bitter tears. Our troubles no doubt were trivial, but in "those good old days" to which poet and story-writer insist on harking back, they loomed large and overwhelming. Who, at the time, ever expected to recover from the grief of a pet dog's death? Who

has not contemplated suicide when the stern parent has substituted hard labor at the wood-pile for repeated trips to the swimming-hole? That childhood has its peculiar attractiveness, we do not deny; but why should not the grown-up world share in the attentions of writers? Stories of childhood have their place, but if a few of our writers would eschew them and give us a good college story or a verse proclaiming the joy of the present, the Exchange Editor would be relieved of a few of the effusions of the "It is not now as it has been of yore," and "Give me the joys of yester year" variety.

THE SONG OF THE FLOOD.

I am swollen with thawing snow,
I am deep with the pouring rain,
And I laugh to think of your dwellings' crash
In my maddened, wasting, pitiless dash—
And of how ye will fight me—in vain!

I was born on the mountain-peaks
And I grew on the mountain-side;
I am strong, and wild, and I come by night
And I laugh, I laugh at your helpless plight,
If ye cannot fight me,—hide!

I am swift, though I come from 'far,
I will seek ye, where'er ye lie;
Your doors fly open to clear my path
As I come to kill, and to glut my wrath,
If you cannot flee me—die!

E. K. Morse, *Yale Literary Magazine.*

TSCHAIKOWSKY.

Out of the north, from the bitter field,
  Where the sun is gray and the wind is keen,
Where men strive over the lean earth's yield
  (Apples of dust it has ever been),
Out of the north, where a thousand years
  Have bent my people beneath the yoke,
I came as one from purer spheres,
  To sing the song of the Russian folk.

Through the centuries, in their fathers' way
  They have sung at the spring and harvest tide,
And at village feasts in the flush of May
  Danced at the door of the new-made bride,
And I who caught from their lilting wild
  Melodies strange, and old, and sweet,
The cradle song of a sleepy child,
  The hurried cadence of dancing feet,

The peasant's love song upon the hill,
  The shrill blood-chantings of battles past,
The fireside saga that stirs and thrills,
  I gave them forth to the world at last.

I chanted their beauty till nations came
  And harked to my music 'mid smiles and tears,
But my work was all in my people's name,
  To cheer their hearts in the evil years.

Years when the famine was on the land,
  And my people fell at their work and died,
When the masters smote with a heavy hand,
  When the children hungered and were denied;
They cried aloud from the barren earth,
  Stretching their hands to the God unknown,
I listened to them in the time of dearth,
  And made their song of despair my own.

My soul became as the souls in pain,
  Who sing lest their chastened spirits break,
A song, half heard, like the wind and rain,
  All sorrowful. And within me spake
A will not mine, so I sang, full-toned,
  The pitiful music to God and men,
Till the soul swept up to the Light enthroned,
  And star-like fell to the earth again.

A singer lone from the troubled north,
  I taught all people to understand
As my country's soul I bodied forth,
  Till they gave me honour with open hand,
But my heart went out to those who sing
  With heads bowed down to the tempest stroke,
And their joy was mine and their suffering.
  I have sung the song of the Russian folk.

ROBERT EMMONS ROGERS, *The Harvard Monthly.*

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STYLE, like the restless tide, constantly changing, runs on and on forever. Like music it is endless; new and different melodies replace those of yesterday, which we soon forget. New literature—late books—are eagerly sought and read. Travel makes one note the improvement in different *styles* of architecture. The largest peopled nation in the world still slumbers because of its *style*. The Chinese, adhering for decades to their old customs and *style* of dress, still keep the high wall around them. How marked the contrast—the awakening of Japan. The cannibals in the jungles of Africa with their *style* of (un) dress are savages still. Our own American Indian in his dress of paint and feathers is only a wild man. "Brush up" the old fashioned backwoodsman and his *style* is improved. As we advance in *style* we progress; to be careless of it is to be "behind the times." In short "to be out of *style* is to be out of the world." "I don't like her *style*" means in other words "I don't like her." "Isn't she *stylish ?*" implies a compliment. *Style*, after all, is everything.

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